ONE DEBT CAPT. KIDD PAID:

A RELIC OF THE OLD PIRATE THAT REPOSES ON SHELTER ISLAND. eral Links of His Golden Chain That H Gave to an Ancestress of Hers in Payment for Live Pork Still Owned by Miss Heaford, the Last Bescendant of Nathaniel Sylveste

There may have been and there may still numerous members of the Kidd family. ut to fame, though it be of an evil quality there has been and is only one Capt. Kidd. may have stolen even his seafaring rank, for, according to such information has been handed down the ladder of me, he was a man who possessed neither wels of compassion nor compunctions conscience. Much time and money been expended in searches for the ure which, it is said, he buried or had uried for him. He may or may not have wned treasures of money and jewels previous to his departure for another. let us hope, a hotter sphere.

If such were the case why may he not have buried it upon Shleter Island? More less veracious history tells that he was a frequent caller at the port of New York that he was intimately acquainted Long Island and the smaller islands which lie off its northern end. Rumor, even in its childhood, is graceless, and here is, therefore, less dependence to placed upon it in its old age. According to such mean authority he was a more less frequent caller at every port on the estern Atlantic seaboard, from the dark green and ice-cool waters of Cape Breton the warmer latitude of Chesapeake Bay. He, of course, ranged farther south also. In fact, all waters were alike to him so ong as they afforded him booty and safety. though, it is safe to conclude, he may often have been forced to accept the latter with such grace as a pirate of his caliber could manage to assume.

While many of his alleged haunts have no material evidence to show that Kidd was upon calling terms with them, there is absolute proof that he landed at Shelter Island and completed a matter of business there in a manner that was altogether foreign to his usual methods. His sense humor was of a character that was appreciated only by himself and the cutroats over whom he ruled as captain. It was his fashion to ask a captive if life would not lose all savor through the loss of every vestige of worldly belongings. When unsuspecting victim would agree to the proposition he was requested, in order to save him from regret, to walk the plank. Though the request was not always willingly omplied with, the victim invariably walked the plank, either with or without assistance. have creditors was an abomination to Kidd, and as when he laid hands on them he always induced them to walk the plank e was seldom bothered by the presentation he was seldom bothered by the presentation of accounts. Had it been otherwise he might have kept a set of books that would have been of great interest to the new and more gigantic race of pirates which to-day infest many parts of the globe.

It may have been in order to enjoy a new sensation that Kidd paid in gold a debt which he contracted at Shelter Island long before the present mammoth hotels were

pefore the present mammoth hotels were breamed of. As everybody knows, or bught to know, the northern end of Long is shaped not unlike a two-pronger Within this fork, with Little Peconi Bay on one-side and Gardiner's Bay on the other, lies Shelter Island. It is nine miles long and at its broadest part five miles across. When the island became the property of Nathaniel Sylvester, under a grant from Charles II., A D. 1666, the year of the Great Fire of London, it was covered with fine and lofty trees. It has been denuded of much of the first growth, but does not to-day lack shade, small stretches of rich meadow land being bordered with groves of live oaks and locusts. on oneside and Gardiner's Bay on the

of live oaks and locusts.

The island does not lack antique features, even in this modern age. The Golf Club

house, which is an appurtenance of the Manhanset House, was built in 1770. The old Manor House is occupied by Miss Hosford, the last descendant of Nathaniel Sylvester, and among the prized possessions of this lady is the payment made by Capt. Kidd for something which, it seems strange, he did not take without payment.

This relic of a distant past as well as of a most murderous personality consists of several links of a gold chain. In Kidd's day this was a common mode of payment when coined money was not at hand. Gold chains, also, were, in his day, much heavier and worn of much greater length than would be considered either necessary or fashionable to-day. The links of Kidd's chain were very heavy and being in a mood chain were very heavy and being in a mood that was strange to him he was not niggardly. His stores, it happened, were at a low ebb and his cutthroats called for fresh meat. Seeing smoke that indicated a residence of some sort Kidd landed. He soon came upon the Sylvester man-sion and as he neared it he saw some finsion and as he neared it he saw some fine pigs. They represented a kind of fresh meat of which sailors are fond. His crew laid hands upon two. As is the nature of pigs they at once began to squeal. The squeal brought one of the household upon the scene. She was a fresh-faced maid and having no knowledge of the character of men who faced her, demanded their intentions. They laughed. The maid doubtless, did not know her danger, but she was not more astonished than Kidd's crew when the captain explained that he was in need of fresh meat and, being an honest man, was willing to pay for it. an honest man, was willing to pay for it, whereupon he broke of several links of the chain he wore about his neck and pressed them upon her. Why he did not treat her as they did the pigs his crew were unable to understand. Doubtless they thought that his montal qualities. were unable to understand. Doubtless they thought that his mental qualities as tell as his animal passions were upon the wane. At any rate the girl escaped harm and the links of gold remain until this day in Miss Hosford's possession to prove that Capt. Kidd made honest payment once in his life.

Close as it is to the greatest city of a vast continent there is yet a flavor of antiquity

Close as it is to the greatest city of a vast continent there is yet a flavor of antiquity about many spots on Shelter Island. One quaint and historical bit is the Sylvester family burying ground. It occupies but a small space, measuring about fifty by twenty-five yards. It is well shaded and is in every way such a spot as would be selected by the first resident proprietor of the manor of Shelter Island. Nathan Sylvester would have taken umbrage at one feature of his earthly resting place. It is enclosed by a fence made of oaken posts and iron piping. Of the latter there are two rows. Above the top row is a strip of barbed wire. It looks curiously out of place and one wonders why it was put there. Had the fence been of wood the wire would have been no protection against relic hunters, but even the most put there. Had the fence been of wood the wire would have been no protection against relic hunters, but even the most feeble minded of that class would hardly cortemplate the demolition, bit by bit, of the iron piping. Besides there is something unpleasantly incongruous about a barbed wire fence around a seventeenth contury grayward. Belic hunters have century graveyard. Relic hunters have perhaps chipped away bits of the slate head stones, but the weather, doubtless, has had much to do with their time-worn appearance. The inscriptions upon late headstones are much more easily deerable than those of the granite tablets. Of these headstones there are nineteen.

In the centre of the burying place is a In the centre of the burying place is a monument of rather imposing dimensions. The upper and lower slabs are covered with inscriptions. The upper slab is of marble and the inscription denotes that buried beneath it is the body of Nathaniel Sylvester, "First Resident Proprietor of the Manor of Shelter Island, Under Grant of Charles II., A. D., 1666." It also contains the family coat of arms. The monument is approached by three stone steps. These contain the following curious inscriptions: curious inscriptions:
"The Puritan in his pride, overcome by

the faith of the Quaker, gave Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill to history." "The blood and the spirit of Victor and

chusetts."
"Daniel Gould bound to the gun carriage and lashed.
"Edward Wharton, the much accurged."Christopher Holder, the mutilated."
"Ralph Goldsmith, the shipmaster, and Samuel Shattuck of the King's missive, these stones are testimony."
"Lawrence and Cassandra Southwick, despoiled, imprisoned, starved, whipped, banished."

despoiled, imprisoned, starved, whipped, banished,

"Who fied here to die."

"Mary Dyer, Marmaduke Stevenson, William Robinson and William Leddra, who were executed on Boston Common."

"Of the suffering for conscience sake of friends of Nathaniel Sylvester, most of whom sought shelter here, including

"George Fox, founder of the Society of Quakers, and of his followers."

Some of the above is apt to give one the impression that freedom of thought, particularly religious thought, was a dangerous commodity in pre-revolutionary days. Shelter Island was so named for the best reason in the world, because it was a place of shelter from all kinds of storms, of which those of wind and wave seemed to be less dangerous than the maelstrom of religious bigotry in which so many perished in the "godly" days when Miles Standish made the mistake of entrusting his courtship of Priscilla to John Alden. They were a dour lot in those days, and could they be transported in the flesh to-day to Shelter Island and brought face to face with the five or six hundred guests of one of the big hotels there about an hour after dinner, when dancing is in full swing and gleaming shoulders are much in evidence, they would either put every mother's son and daughter to the sword or drop dead of heart disease.

Shelter Island has changed much in the last couple of centuries. The husbandman no longer tills his fields with an uncertain finitlock straped across his back, with one eye on the furrow and the other on the surrounding terfitory. His ear no longer expects the fearsome war whoop, for it is many cycles since the gentle redskin was induced to remove to other hunting grounds. Capt. Kidd's piratical craft would meet with a a short shrift to-day as the target practice of the Essex and Lancaster, training ships.

a short shrift to-day as the target practice of the Essex and Lancaster, training ships, can be heard quite plainly on the island. Moreover, is not Station No. 5 of the New York Yacht Club on the island and are not York Yacht Club on the island and are not yachts almost as plentiful as sea bass in the vicinity? Sea bass, freshly caught and planked, is one of the abiding features of a Shelter Island menu. Eaten in July in such a temperature as New York is proud to own in October, it has a fascination which is unknown to the gourmet who is compelled to swelter in the metropolis.

WOMAN IN THE LAND SCRAMBLE. She Furnishes Odd and Sometimes Pathetic

Incidents in the Booths in Oklahoma. Sr. Louis, July 27 .- There is something in the lottery feature of the great land allot-ment to be made by the Federal Government in Oklahoma Territory next Monday, which appeals particularly to women. Perhaps it is because it is nice to get something for nothing without having to rush for it and fight for it. At any rate probably every State and Territory in the Union is repre-sented at St. Reno and Fort Sill by one or more women who are anxious to put their names in the lottery wheel, hoping to draw a quarter section on which to build a home. Most of the women who appear at the

registry booths, of course, are from Oklahoma itself. Indian Territory, Arkansas, Texas and the far Western States. But there are others, girls from the cities, farmers widows from the East, women old and young, and apparently drawn from all classes, a few of them finely dressed and looking little fitted for the rough life of a new and undeveloped country. Newspaper correspond-ents returning from El Reno and Fort Sill tell of some odd and some pathetic incidents at the women's registery booths. Here are some of them. A pretty girl not more than 18 appeared

at the women's booth in El Reno and signified her wish to register.

"Are you married?" asked the clerk

"A widow?"

"No. sir." "The head of a family?"

"N-No, sir." "Then under what provision of the law do you seek a homestead?" The girl's face flushed, tears showed in her

her throat before she answered: "I am a mother, sir." "That's all right," said the clerk kindly

Here's your certificate. A colored woman from Mississippi appeared

with a demand for a chance to take a claim. "Married?" she was asked.

"No, sah."

"Yessah. ' I'se buried six husbands.' You are certainly entitled to register said the clerk. And she did.

A raw-boned, muscular woman said she was from the Chickasee country and she was

married.
"Husband dead?" she was asked.
"No, sir."
"Divorced?"
"No," indignantly.
"Then you can't register."

"No. sir."
"Divorced?"
"No." indignantly.
"Then you can't register."
"Oh, yes I can. I'm the head of the family."
To prove it she brought up her crippled husband to testify that she had earned the living of the family for years by running a small ranch. The clerk registered her.
"I am the seventeenth one of our family to register," said an old woman from Arkansas who is seeking a home in the new country.
"I have sixteen grown boys and every one of them has registered. We ought to get several claims out of the bunch."

One George H. Brown has advertised that he wants to meet a good-looking young woman eligible to register, with a view to matrimony. He hinself has registered but he wants to have an anchor to windward in case he isn't lucky, so he promises to marry any fair maid who draws a good quarter section.

A girl from Iowa barely 20, who registered, told the clerk ste wanted a claim that she might run a horse ranch on it.
"My father is a horseman in Iowa and I propose to be a horsewoman in Oklahoma," said she.
"Miss Mabel Diggs, daughter of Mrs, Annie

"My father is a horseman in Iowa and I propose to be a horsewoman in Oklahoma," said she.

Miss Mabel Diggs, daughter of Mrs. Annie L. Diggs, State Librarian of Kansas, is at El Reno and has registered. At home she wears an opal ring. It is proof that even Kansas women are not free from small superstitions that before leaving home to draw for a claim she took the ring off for fear it would bring her bad luck. As she stepped off the train at El Reno she found a rusty horseshoe. And now she's sure she'll win a home in the Government lottery.

Girls of 15 and 18 are swearing that they are of age, according to returned visitors, in order to take a chance in the lottery. They refuse to heed warnings that they will lose any claim they may draw as soon as the Government land agents set to work after the drawing to ferret out the frauds.

THE GREAT CONTINUOUS FAIR.

New York City a Magnet That Draws People From Everywhere.

"It might not strike you at first thought," said a New York business man, "that the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo would be of any particular benefit to New York

city, but it is nevertheless.
"You saw the two people who just went out of here? They came, one from California and one from Texas. They're cousins, and they've been visiting the Buffalo Fair. They hadn't seen each other for years and they arranged to meet in Buffalo, and when they'd ione the fair they came on to New York.

"Plenty of people do that; just as many people did the same thing in the year of the World's Fair at Chicago. They go from more or less distant points to see the fair and take the opportunity to see New York, which is a great, continuous fair, and the greatest magnet in the country in its power to draw mankind. It fascinates all.

"I don't for a minute doubt that the people down here in this manner enjoy their trip to the city more than they did their visit to the original object of their travel, however marvellous and interesting that may have proved, and many of them indeed have all the time looked forward with anticipations of the greater interest in this, ostensibly, incidental feature of their trip.

"We get lots of such people, from near and far, on one occasion or another, all the time. Everybody wants to visit New York and nobody misses an opportunity to do so. And in the preparation for all these things elsewhere there is always more or less call on New York for men or money or materials, or for all these; so that as a matter of fact there can't be anything doing of any moment anywhere in the country without its being felt in some way in New York city." people did the same thing in the year of the

RARE WATER LILIES THESE: HUGE PLOWERS TO BE EXHIBITED SOON IN PROSPECT PARK.

Victoria Rogia and Other Aristocrate of the Water Lily Family New Preparing for Their Annual Blossoming -Care Required in Growing Them -Other Fine Lilies. The Victoria Regia is a queer gun among plants. A great gun, too, as they know very well at Prospect Park in Brooklyn, where there is the finest collection of water

ilies in this part of the country. There are three lily ponds in the park over there and they are just coming into their glory. It's a deliberate plant, the water lily is. At least the aristocrats of the family are deliberate. The beautiful common herd, represented by the ordinary pond lily, doesn't need so much coaxing. When her Highness, Victoria Regia, unfolds the petals of her first blossom industrious pond lilies have been hard at it for almost two months, sending one green bud after another up through the water, like so many magic bubbles, which break

at the surface into blossoms. The three ponds lie in the heart of the rose garden; and it lies at the bottom of a great green cup whose sides are thick with rhododendrons and a bewildering variety of trees. The spot isn't far from the mair entrance. The middle pond, about forty feet in diameter, is the home of the aristo crats. Two smaller ponds, one on each side, are devoted to common branches of the family. The two small ponds are of the family. The two small ponds are radiant with blossems. Those in the large one are just coming out.

Of course, the queen of the aristocratic gathering is the Victoria Regia. There is a roll to the name which once heard is not soon forgotten. The queen of the water plants even gets herself in big letters on the signboards in the park. They say:

VICTORIA REGIA AND THE LILY POND.

The whole lily pond doesn't get so big capitals as the queen. Still there is much for the other ten aristocrats to gossip about. Altogether there are twelve different species in the large pond. One of these is the real,

Altogether there are twelve different species in the large pond. One of these is the real, original Victoria Regia just as she grows upon her native ponds in Africa. Another is a hybrid of the Victoria Regia crossed by some Philadelphia gardeners, with only the gardeners know what. And so the rest of the lilies can turn up their noses at one at least of the queens.

A little later, when the great lily leaves shall have covered more of the surface of the pond, one won't be able to see, as one can now, the double rows of pipes crossing and encircling the pond. These are the gentle coaxers without which the aristocrats would never consent to blossom. By running steam through these pipes

are the gentle coaxers without which the aristocrats would never consent to blossom. By running steam through these pipes the temperature of the water is kept at between 85 and 90 degrees. The rare lilies are tropical or semi-tropical, and Mr. Fisher, their guardian, takes the temperature of the water as carefully as if it were a bath for an invalid.

Since the first of June Mr. Fisher has been coddling his twelve rare lilies. They came to him there from the Philadelphia gardeners above mentioned, a firm which makes a specialty of water lilies. All of these rare varieties are raised in this country from the seed. They are jollied along in tanks for about three months before they are sent out. That makes those at Prospect Park almost five months old, yet they are just beginning to blossom. Verily, between providing a heated tank for nursing them through their infancy and a steamheated pond for them to occupy at maturity, the raising of rare water lilies is no mean task.

turity, the raising of rare water lilles is no mean task.

The Victoria regia has some interesting royal caprices. The first five or six leaves it unfur is lie flat upon the surface of the water. After that the leaves are larger and are turned up into a sharply erect rim around the edge, like some queer sort of cake tin. The genuine Victoria at the park will have leaves five feet in diameter when she gets fairly down to business and the rim around the edge will sit up to a height of six inches.

When the leaves first come to the surface they look a good deal like a small green hedgehog, or, rather, like two hedgehogs curied up with their toes together. Little

when the leaves hist come to the surface they look a good deal like a small green hedgehog, or, rather, like two hedgehogs curled up with their toes together. Little by little the hedgehogs unroll outward, their green spines going down into the water and serving to steady the leaf and to supply it with moisture. At present the real Victoria regia's leaves have not begun to turn up around the edges and are a dark red in color. The leaves of the hybrid are sitting up as pert as anything and are a pale green in color.

The blossoms are capticious as well as the leaves. In the first place, the Victoria bud is round, whereas the other aristocrats have long and pointed buds. The Victoria opens at night and closes in the morning as soon as the sun gets hot. The first night it is white, the second night it is pink, and the third night—the third night it is gone. At any rate, its beauty is gone. It has faded and withered. Great bursts of beauty—it is ten inches in diameter—the blossom opens twice and then closes forever. None of the aristocrats has blossoms which live longer than three nights, and most of them are good for only two. With one or two exceptions they are night-bloomers, too, but the Park authorities have provided for this peculiarity. Several powerful are lights are hung from brackets projecting over the pond. It looks as if the lights were leaning over and peering down at the blossoms. Next month, when the aristocrats are really showing off, crowds will go to see them. By the middle of August there will be between 75 and 100 blossoms out at one time. One plant alone will sometimes have a dozen blossoms. Even the Victoria has eight or ten sometimes. When they are fairly started they go on blooming until frost, the water being always kept at the same high temperature.

Among the aristocrats are two blue will be core celled the Zanzibarienza from

started they go on blooming until frost, the water being always kept at the same high temperature.

Among the aristocrats are two blue lilies, one called the Zanzibarienza from the place of its nativity. Another is the William Stone, with peculiar ruffled edges to its leaves. The O'Mararia is a fine deep pink lily almost as large as the Victoria. Ali of these have large placid leaves, which are excellent sunning spots for the frogs kept as scavengers in the pool. Several frogs can be seen at a time dozing comfortably upon the idly rocking lily pads. Raising the lilies is a work of care, and expense. If anybody is looking for a water plant which will ask nothing but a chance to grow, let him try the water hyacinth. There is a fringe of these plants around the lily pond, their clusters of fine blue flowers mingling with the green fringe of the Egyptian papyrus, which bends overthem. The water hyacinth invaded the James River once and that sturdy stream has had to fight for its life ever since. In the lily pond the water hyacinth is allowed to grow only a week: then the gardener pulls out the old roots and plants, takes one shoot and sticks it into the mud. A week later that shoot has grown so far and put out so many new shoots that anweek later that shoot has grown so far and put out so many new shoots that another cleaning out is necessary. If short of money and time try water hyacinths. In the large lake not far from the ponds the yellow lotus grows. The ponds are not deep enough for this lily which likes to send its stems up six feet or more to find the air.

The ordinary lover of flowers may think all this is pretty discouraging for the pri-

all this is pretty discouraging for the private grower. As a general thing he has no steam-heated ponds for summer, even if he can manage a tank or two in the win-ter. Furthermore he doesn't want to toil and coax for five months before he

toil and coax for five months before he gets a good showing of blossoms.

As a matter of fact, very yery few persons do undertake to grow water lilies. There is an exceptional man in Brooklyn who does raise them and for his own pleusure only. This is Mr. McElvery, who lives in a quaint old-fashioned house at the corner of Flatbush avenue and Fenimore street. The old white house, turning its shoulder to the street, has the entrance at the side, breaking through a great mass of blooming phiox.

of blooming phlox.

The whole house is surrounded by a riot of flowers but the lily ponds are at the back, under the jealous eye of the man who loves them. One of the ponds is filled with pink lotus. The great cool leaves make a perfect thicket, six feet in height, above the

water. The pond is shallow but the plant does not adapt itself to circumstances. Its nature is to grow tail; if in the water so much the better; but grow tall it must, water or no water. The other day there were a dozen great buds and blossoms standing out above this thicket of leaves. But it is nothing to what it will do later on. Yet the pool was no larger than a good-sized flower bed.

Neither of the pools was artificially heated. The other one was somewhat larger and contained a thrifty collection of pink, white and yellow lilles. There were also a few tanks which could be covered with glass and these had the more delicate specimens. Mr. McElvery does his own gardening and while he has put a great deal of care into the cultivation of his lilles has not put an extravagant expenditure. deal of care into the cultivation of his lilies he has not put an extravagant expenditure of money into it. His illies, most of them, propagate themselves; The ponds require some care of course, but no more than flower beds. They have to be weeded, Weeding, in this case, means the pulling out of the pads which curl up as they grow old.

Mr. McElvery is a Scotchman and Mr. Fisher of the park lily ponds is also of foreign descent. The native American gardener seems to be a rare bird. People with back yards might start the pastime by having a little lily pond. They could not raise Victoria regia perhaps, but they could raise other lilies only a little less beautiful and get just as wet for the money as if they went fishing or to the seashore.

WHY SWEET PEAS ARE SCARCE. The Green Aphis, That Destructive Little Pest

Is at Work Again This Year. The green aphis, which did very extensive damage last year to the pea crop, made its reappearance this year in the numbers exected, but the market gardeners suffered very much less loss. It is a small green insect cometimes called the plant louse, and is most familiar to people in the form that attacks roses. It settles upon the leaves and tender branches, multiplies with marvellous rapidity and causes the plant to wither by sucking

its life juices.

Last year the damage it did to the per crop alone was estimated at several million tollars. This year farmers avoided the same loss by not planting late peas. In the cool

dollars. This year farmers avoided the same loss by not pianting late peas. In the cool weather of early spring the pea vines are not attacked by the pest. Many growers, therefore, limited their plantings to the early varieties of peas. Even by doing so, some of them had narrow escapes from loss. The cold wet weather that marked the spring kept the peas back in some localities, and they were only beginning to ripen when the aphis made its reappearance. Several insecticides are effective against the pea aphis, but the difficulty lies in applying them thoroughly and cheaply.

The general public has felt the effect of the ravages of the aphis in the short season in which peas have been in market this year. Its work is also seen in the comparative scarcity of sweet peas. Gardens which have usually displayed beautiful hedges of sweet peas of varied and delicate colorings either have none at all this year, or show withered yellowing vines with few blossoms.

In the absence of peas to prey upon, the aphis has extended its field of operations. In some places it is reported to be attacking potato vines. It has been seen commonly on some frees, such as the soft maple, on which its presence is manifested by withering leaves, and on various shrubs.

This year also one of its cousins, the black aphis, has shown a disposition to attack the tomato vines. These can be told by their withered and stunted appearance. While tomato plants can be protected more easily than peas, the visitation of the black aphis generally means that the plant is checked for a time linasmuch as the best results can be attained only by securing: a rapid and continuous growth, such a setback hurts both the quantity and the quality of the crop, besides entailing more labor and expense to the grower. As the black aphis has attacked tomato plants this year in places where it was not know before, a little anxiety has been expressed among tomato growers as to whether they are likely to go through the same experience as the pea growers.

HAPPY MEN IN THE DEEP WOODS. onely Pleasures That Go With the Lumber Camp Keeper's Job in Maine.

BANGOR, Me., July 27.-Up in the deep spruce forests of northern Maine there are lozens of men who have a happier existence, more ease and greater comfort generally than some millionaires, and yet their total cash incomes do not exceed from \$50 to \$100 a year. They are the keepers of lumber camps, which are entirely deserted by the oggers for at least five months in the year.

When the work of cutting the winter's crop of logs has been completed and the last of the crew has gone down the river to Bangor, somebody must keep guard over the camp, the provisions left over and all the valuable outfit, and must see that the property is not burned up or stolen by woods tramps or careless sportsmen. For this purpose the proprietor hires one of those queer, happy-go-lucky characters always to be found in the border land between the wilderness and civilization.

These men have no home and no family connections, at least none that they care much for, and they have a constitutional

connections, at least none that they care much for, and they have a constitutional aversion for real labor. They are good fishermen, good shots and good woods cooks. They drink liquor when they can get any, go without it all right when there is none handy, don't need many clothes and have no ambition to lay up wealth. All they want is comfort, plenty to eat, plenty of tobacco, a chance to fish and frint and nothing whatever to do. This sort of existence is offered by the job of camp keeper, and it is always easy to get a man to take the job.

When the last logger is gone, the keeper comes in and takes charge. He falls fheir to all the dime novels, illustrated papers, old clothes and tobacco that may be left behind. There is always enough flour, pork, molasses and tea in the camp to supply a dozen men for a year, and the keeper has his choice of fifty bunks to sleep in. He has a rifle, a fishing rod, a big jackknife, lots of clay pipes, a thorough knowledge of the woods and a complete and dreamy disregard of everything that goes on in the outside world.

Often he doesn't know who is President, and, what is more, he doesn't care a rap. There are people in the north woods who don't know that the Spanish war is over, and, up along the Allegash, others who never heard that there was such a war. The world is bigger than many people realize—especially in the woods, where news penetrates slowly. In the first week after the crew has gone the keeper is very busy, overworked, in fact, for he has to pick up the camp, that is set things in order, and take a mental inventory of the stuff left over and at his disposal. Having completed this laborious task, he settles down for a rest of a few months, which rest is interrupted only by fishing trips or excursions into the woods to look up places frequented by moose and deer, and to locate good gum trees. This knowledge is useful to him in the following fall and winter, for he can sell it to sportsmen. At the close of the season he gets his 550 or 5100 all in a lump, and that wil and in spring he gets his job again.

THE INFIRMARY IN THE HOUSE. A Sick Room Made a Part of the Really Up-to-Date Home.

The infirmary is the latest wrinkle in upto-date domestic architecture. One New ork architect considers it absurd to build well-equipped modern house without planning one room with direct reference to serious illness. In the ordinary house it is a serious problem to arrange matters so that, when problem to arrange matters so that, when necessary, a room may be quiet, isolated, end solitary, and yet no family escapes without at least a few sieges of infectious disease. In making the original plans for a house, it is an easy matter to provide for just such emergencies. If the amount of room does not justify the giving up of a room to infirmary purposes alone, the sick room may be put to ordinary use, save when occasion for an infirmary arrives. It must, however, be so arranged that it will be easily isolated from the rest of the house.

It must be exceptionally well lighted and ventilated and yet the windows must be easily darkened. The quietest corner of the house should be chosen for the room. The floor must be of hard wood or tiling, over which rugs may be thrown when the room is not in use for sickness.

The walls and ceiling must be simply painted, so that they may be readily washed and disinfected. The bedstead should be of white iron, the furniture of wood and cane or wicker, with no upholstery save what is furnished by movable cushions. Simple mustin curtains should hang at the window. An hour's work would clean such a room and put it into perfect condition for a sick room, and the fossession of such a room would simplify matters wonderfully for a housewife during the regular measles and mumps experiences, as well as in more serious emergencies. necessary, a room may be quiet, isolated,

WOOINGOF THE CHORUSBOY

LOVE AND STAGE ASSOCIATIONS WIN AGAINST MILLIONS.

How the Artist Miss Fizzie of the Foozieerum Sextet Rescued the Boy From the Al-lurements of Society and Led the Errant Knight Back, Her Captive for Life. The chorus boy's valet paused irreso

lutely on the threshold of his master's bed-room, the rose-colored bead curtain gath-ered in his hand. He had orders to call him at noon exactly; still he seemed to be sleeping so peacefully that the man hesitated. "Is that you. James?" It was the voice of the chorus boy. Evi-

dently he had been only dozing. The man allowed the curtain to fall in place with a musical clash. "Yes, Mr. Cecil. There are two telegrams

and a number of notes. Miss Feezy called.
"Miss who?"

that Miss Feezy of the Foozleorum sextet had called to run over that last passage where you stuck last night. Those were

"Oh, Fizzie-you mean? Monstrous? To call at such an hour!"

"The bawth is ready, ser." He handed him a cream-colored crash robe with sprawling arabesques and in a noment the chorus boy was splashing in his pink china tub. Cecil always did his thinking during his morning tub and to-day the mention of Fizzie's visit brought back the old days when both he and she were pupils a dramatic school, never dreaming of the successes that fortune was to spread at their feet. Well did he recall the day when the fat manager came in and looked over the class, indicating with his cane the particular pupils that he thought would do for the Foozleorum sextet.
"Nothing beefy," he said; "we want light-

weights. Genteel-looking, neat-footed girls and boys that can sing a little. But lookers

they must be!"
Side by side Fizzie and he had rehearsed through the long summer until the opening night of "Foozleorum," when the musical extet made the hit of the comedy, coming in for any number of recalls. Then the papers next day commented upon the fact that the chorus boys all looked and acted like centlemen and wore their clothes well. Until this, chorus boys had never been noticed or featured in any way. Rough-looking "supes" had always filled the places of peasants and villagers in operatic productions, and their clothes had never fitted them. But "Foozleorum" marked the entrance of the chorus boy on the American stage, although he had been seen in London for

couple of seasons.

The pretty girls of "Foozleorum" had taken the town, but the chorus boys took society. While Johnnies filled the boxes at night, the matinees were social events and the management had to put an awning out, there were so many carriages. The story got about that the girls bathtubs were kept so full of orchids that they were forced to take cold sponges in the morning instead of the isual before-breakfast dip. Then there had been Wall Street plunges, purchases of blooded horses and of seaside cottages, resignations and brilliant marriages.

But the success of the chorus boys nore unique, for while society had taken to the stage it could not be said that it had taken to the chorus. At first the "Foozleorum" sextet had been sung at midnight in drawing rooms, the twelve young people driving from the theatre immediately after the performance to the stately mansions, where they looked quite in the picture wearing the smart clothes that their parts demanded. Soon Cecil had his first invitation to a luncheon at the home of Miss Nothingbut, an acknowledged society leader. After that he had been simply inundated with attentions. The other boys came in for a lot of it, too, but Cecil was the star. He drove in the afternoon, and rode and golfed in the morning and lunched and breakfasted all day long. Then the idea of Fizzierunning in in that way! It was dreadful! The child would have to be told. She was a nice little thing, but she hadn't aspired to anything better than being photographed on a raft in a bathing suit with the other "Foozleorum" girls at laisurally and walked languidly. o the chorus. At first the "Foozleorum" sextet

sed leisurely and walked languidly

Cecil dressed leisurely and walked languidly into the breakfast room, where the chocolate and rolls and fruit walted for him. There were the leiters already opened by James, the tiny florist's box with the boutonaiere that came anonymously each morning. Well, he knew that the dainty idea was Rhoda Nothingbut's He opened the box. It was hyacinth this morning.

First he read the telegrams and smiled tenderly over the first "Good morning Cecil" was all it said. It was a facsimile of one that came to him at this time each day. Surely she was a noble-hearted woman. If she were only younger. But youth after all was crude. There was Fizzie—uncultured as a hawk. The second telegram was from a Broadway firm of haberdashers asking the privilege of naming a new necktie after Cecil. He indorsed it firmly "No". He had always hated that sort of thing. Beside, the things they named after one were always atrocious. Then he began the notes. Laura Gotrox wanted him to join a coaching party Saturday afternoon. She always did forget about Cecil's matinée days. Mrs. Harry Highroller was giving something on the 18th. The Highroller parties were always nice. Ves, he would go. Then Miss Betty Boxseat wished him to drive out behind a new pair she had just taken a blur ribbon with. Well, Betty was a fine girl, but it was as much as a man's life was worth to sit in a trap with her while she held the reins. Last time Cecil was all shaken up. Ha—ha! The Sanday Ometer wished him to noose for a series of pictures showing the newest things in men's wear! Decidedly not. An author wished to submit a play which he had specially written with a view to the chorus boy as its star. Then another man wrote. "I have inst completed a charming sketch. "All for Love, which I have written for two It is in the same dainty satirical vein as the popular Foozleorum sextet, and if you could get one of the young ladies—preferably the pretty one with reddish hair—to take the opposite part, I feel safe in predicting a great success for you both."

The pretty one w

There was a ring at the bell, but James There was a ring at the beli, but James knew he was never at home mornings, so Cecil continued his cogitations. With infinite surprise he heard a swish of skirts in the hall and the patter of French heels. In another minute Fizzie unceremoniously burst into the room. Really, the girl was getting too impossible!

"Morning, Cess.—!" she exclaimed exuberantly: "What's the matter?"
"I was somewhat surprised at your entering whhout being announced. It is rather unusual, you know."
"Oh, cut that out, Cess; don't put on airs with me. I've some news for you."

"Yes.—?" Cecil fingered a paper cutter nervously.

"Mr Nothing..."
"Nothing..."
"But, yes."
"But he's 60."
"And a millionaire."
"But, my dear Fizzie, you mustn't think of such a tain."
"Why net? You mustn't think you're the enly one who can go in for high society

When I'm Mrs. Nothingbut of Pifth avenue, you'll have to pay some attention to me."

She held out a slim brown hand on which a gorgeous emerald glommed beside a pure white diamond set in Tuscan gold.

"Great Scott! then it is really true!"

"Of course it's true and that anippy Mise Nothing but that you've been driving all over town with—why, I'll be her mother—see?"

"Oh Fizzle, how heartless you have grown; and I thought you cared for me." Oh, fudge; what's the use? We have no money and then you've changed so, Cess; you've no idea. No: I am going to marry

you've no idea. No: I am going to marry poppa."

Fizzie swung her feet impertinently high, showing her new patent leather ties and her ankles cased in dark blue silk. She clasped her hands across her knees. She was looking provokingly pretty this imporning, her auburn hair blown out over her ears under her white linen hat with its black pompon rakishly tilted over her eyebrow. Her thin white shirt waist showed impressionistic glimpess of blue ribbon rosettes against her pink shoulders.

Ton't talk like that, Fizzie, I never deamed—

of blue ribbon rosettes against her pink shoulders.

"Don't talk like that. Fizzie, I never deamed—"This is no dream," said Fizzie, turning the ring on her finger: "it's the real thing."

"But fancy a girl like you. I tell you I won't have it. I shan't allow such a thing."

"Why, you've nothing to say about it I guess. You can tell Miss Nothingbut what she must do and she can do it—if her new mama lets her.

"You are engaged to me and if you imagine you can throw me over in this way you're immensely mistaken. I'm no boy."

"I'm going to have a high-backed victoria and two footmen. And I'll come to see you in 'Foozleorum' and invite you to my house sometimes if you're very good."

"I'll see Mr. Nothing but myself. The man must be mad."

"No—but Rhoda will he simply wild. You see it cuts her out of a few millions. Too bad, isn't it?"

"Fizzie did you imagine I ever cared for that horsey old thing?"

"I can't allow you to talk like that of my future daughter. Mr. Nothingbut isn't so bad."

"Can't my boy! I've notified the manager that I leave on the 1st. We're going to be married without any fuss."

"Fizzie—do you renember promising that you'd never marry any one but me?"

"And I imagined you were a true, noble girl."

"Tra-la-la-la," hummed Fizzie frivolously, quoting "Foozleorum" music.

The chorus boy gazed at her helplessly. He was just beginning to realize how he loved Fizzie and that society didn't matter.

"Stage life is disgusting for a girl," he remarked.

Not any more than for a man," said Fizzie "You have changed from an ordinarily decent chap to a conceited Johunie and all kinds

"Stage life is disgusting for a girl," he remarked.

"Not any more than for a man," said Fizzie.
"You have changed from an ordinarily decent chap to a conceited Johunis and all kinds of a dude. You weren't a bit like that when we used to go to school together.

"Those were the days," said Cecil, "the good old days." He leaned his head wearily on his hands. "How I hate this lite; it is false and artificial."

"Vaudeville is the only thing nowadays." said Fizzie. "these long runs are demoralizing. If I didn't intend to marry I'd get a nice sketch and go on a tour of the continuous houses."

"The very thing!" said Cecil; "I have the sketch—'All for Love." And he told her of the note in the morning mail.

"Is it any good?" asked Fizzie.
"I haven't seen it, but he says it's great. Suppose we look at it and if you like it—why—"We could leave 'Foozleorum."

"We could leave 'Foozleorum.'

"We could leave 'roozeorum."

'And go as a team?"

"Do you mean it?"

"Then think of how it will read. 'Refused a millionaire to marry the chorus boy she loved, who renounces society for his old sweetheart. Going to star in 'All for Love.'

"What a press agent you'd make, Cess! You are a wonder. After all Nothingbut is old."

"Old! He's mouldy."

"And Door Rhoda?"

"And poor Rhoda?"
"Rhoda's a well-meaning girl," said Cecil,
with one pang as he thought of his morning
flowers and telegram. Slowly he reached
over and took Fizzie's hand in his. "You
know what they sing in 'Foozleorum' Fizz?" No-what?"
'Love like the Devil, takes care of his And together they sang the chorus

ARRIVALS AT THE AQUARIUM. A Banch of New Things From Bermuda, Including Fish With Green Teeth.

Received at the Aquarium last week from Bermuda, in the third shipment of the present season, were, among other things, ten pilot fishes, forty-five angel fishes, and twelve large conchs of a kind not before exhibited A number of the big conchs have been placed in tanks on the salt water side, where they have since remained pretty quiet, on the bottom, recovering from their journey. But if the conchs fulfil expectations they will soon begin to crawl about, creeping, it may be, up the back and up the sides and up the glass of the tank. When they climb the glass there will be brought into view the rose-colored opening of the conch's shells, or so much of it as is not obscured by the

creature's foot, the part of the animal by which it attaches itself objects. Also in this lot were a specimen of living rose coral, a number of large sea anemones, and the largest parrot fish ever seen here.

rose coral, a number of large sea anemones, and the largest parrot fish ever seen here. This parrot fish is especially remarkable for having green teeth. The fish itself is about twenty-seven inches in length, and of a species different from any heretofore seen here. Green is the color of this fish over the greater part of its body, the head and forward part being of a pinkish tint.

It has in each jaw two teeth, the division between each two being so slight that each pair forms practically a continuous tooth, which is shaped something like the under part of a parrot's beak. The teeth close together like lips, for which, indeed, some persons might mistake them, the teeth being pernanently exposed beyond the covering of skin around their base.

The parrotfish has a very small mouth for its size, but it has powerful jaws and very strong teeth; it can crush anything it can get its teeth over, and it eats barnacles and that sort of thing.

Along their edges these teeth are slightly roughened, or saw-toothed, and there on their cutting edges and for the space of a sixteenth of an inch up on their face, they are white. Above that they are of a decided deep green, shading an eighth of an inch higher into a lighter tint of green with a bluish cast, and above that into a shade a little lighter still, at the base of the teeth; the whole effect being of a distinct dark green. And these dark green teeth project from jaws that are pink all round, that being the color of the head, except at the corners of the mouth, where the color is beown. Decidedly a remarkable set of teeth for even a parrotfish to have, and so far as they can be here observed the green is not a discoloration, but the natural color of the teeth.

PRIVATE MAILING CARDS. Made Now in Greater Variety Than Ever Beand More of Them Used.

"The newest thing in private mailing cards in the country," said a stationer, "is a card with places in it made translucent, to represent, say, windows. Openings are stamped out of the body of the eard which is then backed with a thin, orange-tinted paper that will let light through when the card is held up to it, but which is of such a character

that it can be written over without blotting. "Here, for example, is a card with a picture

that it can be written over without blotting.

"Here, for example, is a card with a picture of the New York Post Office, as seen from the south. The light spaces in this are the window openings, and a crescent moon shows above. There are light spaces also in these buildings seen to the left up Broadway; none of these translucent spots being observable as such when the card is being handled in the ordinary manner. But hold the card up to the light and you have a picture of the New York Post Office by night.

"New, also, are the private mailing cards that have upon them, instead of a picture, the words and music of a song, this printing occupying the greater part of the space. Only room enough is required in the musical mailing card for the opening salutation and the 'yours truly,' for the sentiments which it may be desired to convey are supposed to be expressed in the song selected. The song mailing cards can be bought in variety. "There have been made, for some time, private mailing cards with pictures of actresses and of other persons upon them. Comparatively new is the practice of having your own photograph placed on a private mailing card, as is now done.

"Of course there are many cities and towns and other localities that have series of mailing cards of their own; as college towns, watering places and places remarkable for heautiful or wonderful natural attractions. There are various special lines of private mailing cards, as cards for a regiment, upon which would be, for instance, a picture of the regimental seal, and so on.

"Among the newer private mailing cards are long, folding cards, containing views of sections of the city, as of the lower part of the town, with its tall buildings.

"The fact is, the private mailing cards are now made in very great almost endless, variety, in far greater variety than ever before, and they are more extensively and commonly used. And I suppose that the thousands of them sent out from Buildalo by visitors to the Pan-American Exposition will tend still further to enlarg

ROBJOHN'S OLD AIRSHIP

BECALLED TO OLD NEW YORKERS BY SANTOS-DUMONT'S FLIGHT.

The Model Made Fifty Years Age by a Bower, Jeweller Was Shown in the Old Merchants Exchange-It Seemed to Fly All Right Much Like the Latest Flying Machine

The successful aerial voyage of M. Santos. Dumont's flying machine in Paris recalls o some old New Yorkers the exhibition of Thomas Robjohn's airship model in the old Merchants' Exchange Building more than fifty years ago. The young Brazil. ian's airship has many points of striking similarity to the old model, and it is possible that had Robjohn known of gasolene as a motor power and substituted it for the many times heavier steam machinery which he used he might have had more success than he did.

A scientist having laboratories in this city at once thought of Robjohn's model when he read the account of the recent

city at once thought of Robjohn's model when he read the account of the recent trial in Paris.

"I was very much interested in The Sun's description of the airship in which M. Santos-Dumont made his trip," he said yesterday. "It brought to my mind the model of a similar airship which I saw exhibited in this city more than half a century ago. I was then an office boy in Wall street. While returning from an errand one day I noticed a large crowd in front of the old Merchants' Exchange." "What's going on?" I asked of a recent 'What's going on?' I asked of a man

near me.
"'Flying machine exhibition,' he re-

plied.

"Having always been interested in things of that sort I worked my way inside, and there, soaring gracefully around in the rotunda I saw the airship model, which, rotunda I saw the would eventually of that sort I worked my way inside, and there, soaring gracefully around in the rotunda I saw the airship model, which, some people then thought, would eventually revolutionize travel. The designer was Thomas Robjohn, a Bowery jeweller and an organ builder of considerable note. His intention was to attract enough attention by the exhibition of his model to build a big airship for practical use. His circulars headed 'To California in 24 Hours' caused quite a stir, as this was about the time that Lieut. Beals of the navy had rushed into the exchange with the first large gold nugget from California and the gold fever was at its height.

"The model, as I remember it, consisted of a cigar-shaped balloon about 20 feet long, from which was suspended an open platform. An odd thing about the balloon which I learned several years later when in the employ of Robjohn, was that it was made of 400 bladders glued together. The expense of this must have been very great.

"But to return to the model. There were two propellers in the stern. These were operated by the steam generated in a cylindrical boiler fired by an alcohol lamp. The rudder worked laterally and was attached to the stern end of the balloon. An upward or downward course could be given to the ship by shifting movable ballast. This model worked perfectly in the still air of the rotunda. Whether or not it would have been able to contend with the air currents outside is of course another matter.

"From the description given in The Sun the balloons of the Santos-Dumont machine and of the Robjohn model are of the same shape. Behind the motor and about midway between the platform and the balloon proper the modern machine has a two-flanged screw. Robjohn's machine had two screws in about the same position. The difference between a steam position. The difference between a steam position. The difference had a steam position. The difference had a steam position.

has a two-nanged screw. Robjohn's ma-chine had two screws in about the same position. The difference between a steam motor and a petroleum motor seems to be the only radical one. "Robjohn started to build his big flying

"Robjohn started to build his big hying machine, but never completed it. I afterward saw the two engines which he had intended for it. An organ builder in Bedford street for whom I worked bought them to use in his business. They were two button-valve oscillating cylinders, with a 6½-inch bore and an 18-inch stroke. They were strong and light, being made of gun

a 6%-inch bore and an 18-inch stroke. They were strong and light, being made of gun metal a quarter of an inch thick.

"The two boilers were about 4 feet long and 12 inches in diameter. They were made of copper and were what are known as 'thousand leg bugs,' having four rows of pipes reaching into the fires. This gave a very great fire surface and as the steem domes were small the steem was steam domes were small the st used almost as fast as it was made were small the steam was

"The engines were placed on a wooden drum from 3 to 4 feet in diameter, having room for two 4-inch belts side by side. From this it is evident that Robjohn meant on the model. The balloon was built in New Jersey. It was made of some cotton material and was about 400 feet long, almost three times the length of Mr. Santos-Dumont's. The preparation which he put on the balloon to make it airtight rotted he cloth and for some reason. financial, he never undertook to construct

VACATIONITIS.

Symptoms Noted by a Physician of a Discase Prevalent at This Time.

nother.

"About this time of year," said the doctor I have any number of patients who come to consult me with symptoms of a disease that I can only diagnose as vacationitis.

"These are the conscientious folks who will not allow themselves to take a vacation unless they are commanded to do so by their family physician. They like to pose as working themselves to death without any thought of rest; but if they can only get a doctor to tell them that they need an ocean voyage or a few weeks in the mountains they are off like birds and bore their friends to death telling them that they haven't had a vacation in ten years. Sometimes it is twenty years, but ten is a good average.

"Then there are other people so situated that they cannot not a server because the

"Then there are other people so situated that they cannot get away from business without a doctor's certificate, and they cultivate a list of symptoms which is worse than any ever printed in a patent medicine circular. When they get a really imposing set of symptoms they come in to see me, looking troubled, and give me the whole bunch without stopping to take breath. Loss of appetite is the principal complaint; then insomnia; furred tongue, headache and a general disinclination to work.

"Sometimes the patient thinks his heart is in bad working order or that his liver or lungs are in poor shape, but the main thing is that he wants to be ordered out of town. If I suggest some simple tonic or a little exercise the vacationitis patient looks sad and serious and tells me in confidence that he is working too hard and needs a change.

"It is quite difficult to size up the exact kind of trip that each one wants. It doesn't do to prescribe the mountains for a man who is set on the seashore or either one of these for the man who wants a trip across the ocean.

"You can always tell the man who has been

for the man who wants a trip across the ocean.

"You can always tell the man who has been sent away for a complete rest by the way in which he takes in everything that is going when he gets out of town. He doesn't rest for a minute. He loops the loops and bicycles and plays golf and dances and climbs mountains as though he never had a chance to exercise before. But its all play and that is what the vacationitis patients are really after."

Slaughtered by Mosquitoes

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. AUSTIN, Tex., July 19.—Thomas Welsh, an oil operator in the Beaumont fields, was here to-day. He says that he was at Sabine, a few miles south of Beaumont, yesterday, and was driven from the place by a piague of moquitoes. The mosquitoes came from adjacent salt marshes in great clouds, which darkened the light of the sun. The insects settled down on Sabine and the workmen who were employed in the constructions of the oil pipe line of the Lone Star and Crescent Company were forced to flee for their lives. All work line of the Lone Star and Crescent Company were forced to fee for their lives. All work was suspended and the people took refuge under mosquitoe bars, where they remained all day. Many head of cattle, horses and other animals were killed by the insects. Mr. Welsh says that the mosquitoes were so thick that it was almost impossible to breathe in open air. It is the worst plague of mosquitoes ever experienced on the Texas coast.

The Preacher's Good Investment. From the Columbus Dispatch.

From the Columbus Dispatch.

London, Ohis, July 20.—The Rev. R. G. Roscamb, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, ex-Grand Chaplain of the Order of Elks, who came here a few months ago from Kokomo, Ind., seems to have struck it rich. While on Ind., seems to have struck it rich. While on a visit to Denver and Salt Lake City last year he was induced to invest \$500 in a silver mine. A few days \$azo\$ he went to the latter city to spend a short vacation and look after his mining interests, which seem to be turning out better than expected. Information just received here is to the effect that he has been offered \$75,000 for his interests in the miss.